CAMPBELL & STOUFFER.

The Carroll County Republican.

{ VOLUME 6. } MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857. { NUMBER 8. }

THE REPUBLICAN,
Published Weekly, in Miller's Brick Block, opposite the Court House, by
J. & D. B. EMMERT,

TERMS.—$1.50 a year if paid in advance; $2.00 if paid during the year; $2.50 if payment be delayed until the year expires.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Per square, (of 10 lines or less,) first insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion, 25cts.

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Business Directory.

BANKING HOUSES.

EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE MILLS & HOOKER, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.—Buy and sell sight drafts on New York and Chicago. Collections made and remitted on day of payment at current rates of Exchange. Money received on deposite, and interest allowed on special deposits. (feb 26, '57—49)
H. A. Mills, | M. L. Hooker

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Several improved farms near Mt. Carroll, and 600 acres of other land for sale
Land Warrants for sale.
Wm. S. Goodman, | Abm. Hostetter, | P. S. Reist

BANK OF DEPOSITE.—MONEY received on deposite, and ten per cent. interest allowed thereon. Checks and certificates of deposite on all solvent banks, bought at current rates; or received for collection, by the Mount Carroll Mutual Manufacturing and Hydraulic company. N. HALDERMAN,
Mt. Carroll Ill. Treasurer.

ATTORNEYS.

B. L. PATCH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in the Court House, Mt. Carroll, Ill. [v6n12.

VOLNEY ARMOUR, CLERK OF THE Circuit Court, General Land and Collecting Agent, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. Conveyancing done, and all kinds of legal papers neatly and correctly drawn. Will practice as Attorney in the county Court. Office in Court House. 35 5

JOHN WILSON, ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law, Solicitor in chancery, Real Estate and Insurance Agent and Exchange Broker, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

GEO. W. HARRIS, JUSTICE OF THE Peace and attends to collections, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS.

ARTISTS.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

AGENCIES.

Poetry.

From the Flag of our Union.

HOPE.

BY C. O. WRIGHT.

Hope is an angel, pure and bright!
Clothed in a robe of holy light,
That lifts the soul, and charms the sight,
And turns to day the darkest night.

It is the one bright star I see,
That makes my heart bear light and free;
Without its solace what would be
This great and mighty world to me?

But Hope's sweet face, with beauties rare,
Oft pictures scenes so bright and fair,
They rest suspended in the air
A moment, and then perish there.

When in her smiles I think I see
A bright and blest futurity,
I wonder if 'twill ever be
More than a fruitless dream to me?

In such bright dreams I love to dwell,
With thoughts that can my spirit quell,
And hopes that all me doubts dispel,
Till conscious memory breaks the spell.

In the uncertain future lies
A hidden book of mysteries;
A book ne'er seen by mortal eyes,
Where all those happy dreams arise.

But time each hidden page reveals,
Disperses all, and nought conceals;
Then many a heart that anguish feels,
Which only Hope's sweet anguish heals.

Let Hope my guardian angel be,
My beacon o'er this stormy sea,
Till fate fulfils my destiny,
And sets the willing spirit free.

Miscellaneous.

From The Weekly Novelette

The Bound Boy's Story.

BY WALLACE H. RAND.

I never knew the bright sunshine of a mother's love, for she left this world of sorrow when I was two years old. My father, who deeply mourned her loss, loved me with paternal affection, but, immersed in the cares of life's battle, as I slowly grew up I was seldom joyed by his presence, or received caresses from his hand. Day after day through the long summer months have I sat in my little chair in the chimney corner, munching a crust of bread (for we were very poor) and listlessly watching the tiny sunbeams struggling through the chinks in the unplastered wall. I was called an unsociable dunce by those of my own age, and a singular one by "children of a larger growth." Unsocial by the former for never joining in their games and sports; and singular by the latter, for preferring instead my seat in the corner of my father's humble home with a jacknife for my companion and constructing rude little pieces of mechanism, the uses of which they could not comprehend. But this was a great solace in my loneliness.—My mind had a singular penchant for wheels and levers, and axles; and nothing pleased me more than to get hold of any old book containing descriptions of complicated machinery.

When I was ten years old, with the friendly aid of my jacknife, some old twine and a few scant pieces of board which I pulled from the sides of the little wood house, I managed to construct a little clock about eighteen inches high, having two stones which I had nicely smoothed for weights, and an old glass bottle for the string bell. Great was my joy when I finished my work, and found that it kept time tolerably well; and greatly was I gratified when my father examined my little machine, and commended me for my ingenuity.

But the time was approaching when I should leave my solitary but happy home. One bright day in early autumn I was seated in my usual place, cutting cogs in a little wheel, when I heard voices and the hard tramping of feet without, and the next moment some laborers entered bearing the dead body of my father. I was young then, but yet this blow fell like a thunderbolt on my heart. My father the only friend I had in the wide world, was dead—was gone from my sight forever.—

...

occupation for the forenoon. In ten minutes we were as firm friends as if we had known each other from infancy—or that she was not a rich farmer's daughter, and I a poor bound boy.

'Do you love flowers?' she artlessly inquired, plucking a large rose from its stalk and placing it in the lappel of my linsey jacket. 'Don't you think,' she continued, without waiting for a reply, 'my father doesn't like flower. He says he could raise ten bushels of parsnips or turnips in my garden, and that it is a useless waste of land; but I begged so hard that at last he let me have it. Does your father like flowers?'

'Alas, I have no father!' I exclaimed, bursting into tears.

'Don't cry, dear—dear—'

'Archie.'

'Don't cry, dear Archie,' said the little maiden, the tears coming into her own blue orbs.

'I have no one to love me,' I cried, bursting into another paroxysm of tears.

'Don't cry, Archie dear—please don't cry. I'll love you—indeed I'll love you;' and the dear little creature put her arms around my neck and kissed away my tears.

O, how it joyed my heart to think that one at least in the world loved me. And this was my introduction to a new era in my life. Farmer Wilson was a stern, hard-working man, and wanted all around him to be continually in motion. So when I had been in his service a year or more I found I was not in favor, for I was too fragile for hard work; and I was hated by the servants, for I could not endure their coarse, vulgar talk. The most trying circumstance of all was the destroying of little pieces of machinery by the farmer, who as I once overheard saying, would have no such trumpery about. It was a pleasant occupation to sit in my little garret bedroom after a toilsome day's work with my old jacknife, to form curious wheels and other pieces of mechanism, as my fancy dictated. But hide them as I would, they almost invariably found a violent end.—Those that escaped I presented to Alice Wilson, who always received them with expressions of delight.

As time progressed, I found that a bound boy has a hard pathway through life.—Kicks and cuffs from the farm laborers and lashes from a rope's end in the hands of the farmer, checkered the tenor of my way. In spite of this treatment I was making gigantic strides in mental culture (I do not wish to be thought egotistic in speaking the plain truth), sometimes sitting up till long past midnight after a day spent in toil, poring over books which were lent me by Alice the farmer's pretty daughter. My thoughts often turned to my favorite study, machinery, and the idea would cross my mind of inventing something useful—something which would give me a name, and raise me from my degraded position. Whole nights have I lain awake, racking my brain with some wild scheme, and at last falling into a fitful slumber disturbed by visions of huge wheels acted upon by gigantic levers, and these obscured by multitudes of pulleys and wheels again until all would melt into a single object with flowing curls, and large blue eyes which gazed laughingly at me, when the farmer's prolonged "Arch-ee-e" would summon me to my morning's work.

One day near sunset I was returning from a distant field with a rake on my shoulder, and Alice by my side, who had been picking blackberries in the hedges, and was talking and laughing merrily as we trudged along. I scarcely heeded her lively questions, for I was deeply cogitating a new idea which had entered my mind.—We were passing a magnificent grain field, in which five or six laborers were at work. I stopped and gazed abstractedly at their movements.

'Wouldn't it be nice, Alice,' I said, directing her gaze to the reapers,—'wouldn't it be nice to have something to cut that grain much faster than those men can?'

'O yes, Archie; wouldn't it be nice—O, wouldn't it be nice!' and she clapped her hands with joy.

'Well, Alice, I am going to invent something that can do it when I get to be a man,' I exclaimed, with boyish enthusiasm.

...

pattering of feet behind me, and turning 'O, I beheld Alice advancing.

'Archie, I am so sorry father whipped you to-day. Did he hurt you?'

'O, not much; it was his calling me 'only an alms-house boy' that hurt me more. I know I am a bound boy, but his tone implied that I was an inferior being—only a poor alms house boy.'

'O, forget it, dear Archie; I will beg father not to whip you again.'

'No, no, Alice it will do no good; besides he will have no opportunity, as I am going to leave.'

'To leave!' And she looked in my face inquiringly.

'Yes, to leave,' I replied; 'for my nature will not bear taunts and ridicule, and I feel that I have a higher position to occupy than delving as a bound boy.'

I spoke this with sarcastic bitterness.—I saw the tears gather in the eyes of my companion; she flung her arms about my neck, and sobbed as her heart would break.

'O, Archie, how can I part from you!—I shall be so lonely.'

I caught the dear girl to my bosom.—'Alice, dear Alice, can you, O can you love the poor bound boy?'

'Yes, archie, I love you,' she chokingly whispered.

My heart was too full for reply; so imprinting a warm kiss on her lovely cheeks I tore myself away, and in another moment was on the high-road.

This was another turning point in my life.

I wandered on and on, until I came to a large city, which I entered late the next morning. By accident I obtained a situation as errand boy in a store, where I remained a year, and passed two years as clerk, earning just sufficient to keep me in decent apparal.

During this time the scheme of inventing, something occupied my thoughts, and my ideas began to assume a more tangible shape. I had a room over the store where I slept nights, and which I had converted into quite a workshop busying myself many hours each night in constructing a model machine, the beginning of my long wished for invention. When near its completion, I discovered a defect in the machanism which perplexed me considerably. For weeks and months I pondered, but could not come to any satisfactory solution of the mystery. ...

...

Andre's Last Song.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

The moon was shining bright upon the polished musket and gorgeous equipments of a sentinel in the scarlet uniform of the Buffs—the crack regiment of the day—as he traversed his brief round at the garden gate of Greenwich street, behind the residence of Sir Henry Clinton, Commander in Chief of the British forces in America.

His stalwart figure and high grenadier cap, made his shadow appear gigantic beneath the rays of our full and glorious orb, the western moon. Occasionally he would pause, as if listening to the rich music which ever and anon swelled forth from the residence of Sir Henry, and his thoughts turned upon the youth and beauty mingled in the dance within.—Once or twice he passed the back of his hand across his eyes, as if to stay a truant tear that was stealing from its fountain. His memory rushed to the days of his early home in 'merry England.'

'By St. George!' he muttered, half aloud 'I did not think I could be childish. The sound of the tune has put me in mind of home and old Devonshire.'

Saying this, he broke out into the military song of Gen. Wolfe, which, as tradition goes, he sung while passing up the St. Lawrence, the night before he fell on the plains of Abraham:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy boys,
Whose business it is to die," etc.

His voice, naturally sweet, sounded perfectly melodious, as unconsciously, he forgot his duty as a sentinel, and gave to the song the full compass of his manly tones.

At a little distance, concealed from the sentinel by the shrubbery, was an officer; upon his arm leaned a beautiful girl—absentees from the ball room.

As the fate of this brave officer forms a memorable part of our country's history, my readers may perhaps like a description of his person. He was rather under the middle height, of a handsome, well made figure, and erect military carriage. His face was oval, and the features decidedly handsome. The main expression of his countenance displayed frankness and sincerity. His age seemed about thirty. His scarlet coat was faced with ...

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The Right End of a W...

...

THE REPUBLICAN.

Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857.

THE PREMIUMS.—To those to whom the *Prairie Farmer* and *Carroll County Republican* have been awarded at our county Fair, those papers will be forwarded as soon as arrangements can be made with the publishers of the Farmer. Persons having Diplomas awarded to them, and all those entitled to books, except those for horses and cattle, can call for them at any time. The books awarded as premiums on horses and cattle, will be ready for distribution in about two weeks.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The Carroll County Circuit Court is in session here, this week. The lawyers present are Messrs. Sweet and Burchard of Freeport, Messrs. Henry, Eltigner and White of Sterling, Mr. Burnhall, (Prosecuting Attorney,) of Oregon, Mr. North of Princeton, Ill., H. A. Johnson, of Morrison, James McCoy of Fulton, and Messrs. Miller, Harrington, Wilson and Feath of this place. His Honor, Judge Sheldon, presides. No cases of importance on the Docket.

...do not ask to abolish it by national legislation from where it is, but they do now, and will continue to fight against making slavery national. The Democratic party were congratulating themselves, previous to the last Presidential election, over the fact (as they thought) that the Republican party could not stand longer than until that canvass was over. Now they express the opinion that the difficulties in Kansas being settled, the party has no longer an issue to keep them together. But if there were nothing else, the Dred Scott decision would preclude the possibility of discontinuing the slavery agitation. Slavery is declared national, by that instrument, and it is the duty of the Republican party to expose its fallacy, and to resist the encroachments of the administration. Jefferson's ordinance of 1787, has been destroyed, and it is our duty to try to re-establish that ordinance. Nor is this all. They have destroyed the Missouri Compromise and laid open the chances for extending slavery in the North, and it is our duty to be watchful, and resist all efforts to take advantage of the privileges allowed to the South, by the repeal of that compromise; and not only this, it is our duty to prevent its extension even in the South. Still further; we ought to show not only by words, but by acts, that we do not recognize the civil, moral or religious right of the South to hold Slaves. We have the right to exert our influence altogether, against that accursed institution. It is our right, and our duty to declare by legislative acts, and otherwise, that we can hold no friendly relations with the South, in the course they are pursuing.

Who shall say then, that the mission of the Republican party is done? Who shall say that we have not yet, innumerable duties before us. Our reputation and prosperity as a nation, our hopes for the future, and our independence of spirit, call upon us to perform these duties. We are a party organized against slavery and in favor of freedom, and while we...

Great Accident on the New York Central R. R.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 16.

The accident on the road last evening was the most disastrous that has happened on the Central Route for many years.

The cars were under full headway, and as they approached Nine Mile Creek between Warner's Station and Syracuse, the engine suddenly plunged off the track, darting down into the creek some fifteen or twenty feet. The couplings apparently broke instantly, as the first passenger car plunged over, right on the top of the engine. This was followed by one mail and three passenger cars, all of which took the fearful leap, one after the other.

The cars were all well filled with passengers, and the catastrophe was so sudden that only one shriek was heard above the noise of wheels before all were heaped together in common ruin at the bottom of the gulph, the cars only remained on the track, & those fortunate enough to be on board that carriage instantly leaped out and went to the rescue of the other passengers. The scene presented was most awful. The mail car was turned bottom side up, and was found to be on fire, having taken fire from the hot stove. The first passenger car was burned on one side, with the front part buried in the water of the creek, which had risen high in consequence of heavy rains. In this car Miss Brown of Toronto, daughter of Mr. Brown, late of the Toronto Globe, was riding.—After most of the passengers had been got out of the ruins, one of the persons searching found a shawl which he pulled out; he then discovered a human being and with the aid of the others dragged forth the body of Miss Brown. She had been distorted in almost 3 feet of water and from a concussion on the head had evidently been stunned in the collision. The second car turned broadside to the train, and the third ran right through her about the middle nearly cutting her in two. The third car through this was smashed up about one third the distance of car seats and passengers being crushed together in one mass. Here Mr Bronson of New Boston, ...

Banks and Uncurrent Banks.

Bank of Holloway;
Bass River Bank;
Canton Bank;
China Bank;
Central Bank, H...;
Ellsworth Bank;
Exchange Bank;
Hancock Bank;
Maritime Bank;
Mount Hope River Bank;
Sanford Bank;
Ship Builders Bank;

Exeter Bank;
Lancaster Bank;
Ware Bank.

Danby Bank;
Mt. Vernon Bank;
State Bank;
South Royalton Bank;

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bass River Bank;
Cochituate Bank;
Grocers Bank;
Hopkinton Bank;
Lee Bank;
Manufacturers Bank;
Monroe Bank;
Western Bank, Springfield.

RHODE ISLAND.

All the banks of this State.

CONNECTICUT.

Bank of Hartford County;
Bridgeport Bank;
Colchester Bank;
City Bank, Bridgeport;
Charter Oak Bank, Hartford;
Exchange Bank;
Eastern Bank, West Killingly;
Mercantile Bank, Hartford;
Merchants' Exchange Bank, Bridgeport;
Pawtucket Bank;
Thompson Bank;
Woonmer Bank;
Windham Co. Bank.

NEW YORK.

Agricultural Bank, Herkimer;
Adison Bank;
Bank of Bainbridge;
Bank of Carthage;
Bank of Canandaigua;
Bank of Lima, Lima, Livingston County;
Bank of Kinderhook;
Bank of Orleans;
Chemung Valley Bank;
Chemung County Bank;
Central New York Bank, Utica;

ILLINOIS.

Bank of Rushville, Rushville;
Peoples bank, Carmi;
Stock Security, Danville;
*Bank of Elgin;
*Bank of Bellville;
*E. I. Tinkham & Co.'s bank.

NEBRASKA.

All Nebraska Banks.

NEW... Province

All the banks... the same as before.

Late News.

New York, Oct. 17.

While some laborers were excavating a cellar in Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, a portion of the embankment gave way and six men were buried in several tons of loose earth; of this number three were taken out dead, and when our reporter left the others had not been recovered.

The Cunningham baby case was to-day disposed of by a postponement until the 29th inst., when the order will be settled. The trial will take place at Newburg, Orange co., on the second Tuesday in Nov.

SYRACUSE, October 17.

Mr. Clinton E. Bronson, one of the passengers injured by the accident on the Central Railroad yesterday, died here this morning.

Mr. Pettenger, another injured passenger, lies in a precarious condition, and Miss Franklin continues low, but is not considered in immediate danger.

The remainder of those injured are doing well.

New York, Oct. 17.

Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., brokers, have suspended. They have never been borrowers, and owe nothing but balances due their correspondents, principally at the West. Within the past three months, their means have been invested in strictly first class commercial paper, and call loans with stock collaterals. The call loans are not responded to, and a large amount of the paper in a state of suspension. They have been gradually winding up their affairs for a year past, and will now go at once into liquidation, abundantly able to pay all their liabilities and have a large surplus.

The Metropolitan bank has been for several days past in negotiation with the Suffolk bank of Boston, in regard to Eastern money and an arrangement will probably be made in a few days under which the former bank will resume the reception of Eastern money on deposit at ¼ per cent. discount.

The rates for uncurrent money are becoming easier. State at half to 1 per cent; Eastern at 2 per cent; Philadelphia at 2 to 3 per cent; Pennsylvania 5 to 6 per cent; and Western and Southern at 5 to 10 per cent.

...Jefferson.

Kansas advices... Capt. Pleasonton, of... and Gen. Pomeroy and Dr. Webb, general agent Secretary of the Aid Society, passed through here yesterday, en route to the East.

The Democrats of Kansas still claim the Legislature by a small majority, and the Republicans claim it by a two-third majority. Several of the Democrats elected are free State men, which puts that party in power. It is said that the large reported Democratic majority in Johnson county is a hoax, and that the district went free State, which secures a free State Legislature.

Gov. Walker defends the voting of the soldiers at Kickapoo, and says that they are not now considered as soldiers, but as citizens, they having resided there six months.

It is the opinion of many Democrats that a majority of Democrats will be returned to the Legislature, in spite of the unfavorable appearances.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Oct. 16th.

The Crisis Over.

The crisis is over. We are entering upon a period of dullness. The panic has subsided, and there are no exciting incidents in the history of yesterday to chronicle. Business moves on sluggishly. But few failures are announced, though there are many renewals of notes upon extended time. Money is still difficult to obtain at the highest rates of interest.—Stocks are advancing, and more business in them is done. Specie commands but from ½ to 1 per cent. premium. Trade in dry goods is prostrated; the wholesale dealers are selling at retail, and the retailers find few customers. The little that is doing in any branch of business is for cash. The banks are perfecting the details of the new arrangements at the Clearing House, which will soon be made, it is believed, are satisfactory to all parties.

Accounts from abroad are, for the most part, not cheering. A deeper gloom seems to have come upon Philadelphia and Baltimore, and other cities seem to be whistling to keep their courage up.—More bank suspensions are reported. In New Orleans great excitement prevailed yesterday and the day before, and there was a run upon all the banks. Many of them bent to the storm and closed their doors. In St. Louis there was also a serious run yesterday.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN CHICAGO.—About 4 o'clock this morning, says the Chicago *Journal* of Monday, the alarm of fire was given, the flames proceeded from the second story of the five story brick block No. 131 and 133 South Water street, occupied by Cormek, Cross & Co. and A. Titsworth. The wind was at the time blowing from the west. The firemen were on the ground promptly, but the flames spread with great...

Special Notices.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COUNTY TREASURER.

To the Electors of Carroll County:

GENTLEMEN:—I offer myself again, as a candidate for the office of Treasurer, and respectfully ask your support at the coming election.

Yours, NATHANIEL HALDERMAN.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

MR. EDITOR:—You are authorized to announce the name of ELIJAH FUNK, for re-election to the office of County Surveyor, at the coming election.

MANY VOTERS.

To the voters of Carroll County:

By request of many Citizens, I would respectfully announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, at the ensuing election.

JAMES McCREEDY, Jr.

Milledgeville, Oct. 15, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—You are hereby authorized to announce the name of Dr. JAMES DeWOLF, as candidate for School Commissioner, at the ensuing election.

MANY CITIZENS.

To the voters of Carroll County:

At the request of some of my friends I announce myself as candidate for School Commissioner, at the coming election.

LUMAN N. JUDD.

To the voters of Carroll County:

By request of many citizens, I would respectfully announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, at the ensuing election.

LEWIS CHRISMAN.

COUNTY TREASURER.

To the electors of Carroll County:

GENTLEMEN:—I offer myself as a candidate for Treasurer of your County, and respectfully ask your support at the coming election; and hope if elected to discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, B. R. FROHOCK.

MR. EDITOR:—You will please announce the name of David E. Stover as a Candidate for the Office of County Treasurer, to be supported by the Voters of Carroll County at the ensuing Election, and oblige

Oct. 6, 1857. MANY CITIZENS.

MR. EDITOR:—You are hereby authorized to announce the name of B. P. SHIRK, as candidate for County Clerk, at the ensuing election.

MANY CITIZENS.

To the voters of Carroll County:

I offer myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk, at the coming election. It shall be my endeavor, if elected, to perform the duties of the office in a manner that shall meet your highest approbation. Soliciting your suffrages, I will be, to the best of my ability,

Your faithful servant, R. G. BAILEY.

To the Voters of Carroll County:—

I offer myself as a Candidate for the Office of County Clerk, at the ensuing Election. If elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the Office faithfully, impartially, and to the best of my abilities.

H. S. BRADLEY.

THE REPUBLICAN.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—We forgot to notice, last week, the announcements of James McCreedy, Jr., and Lewis Chrisman, for County Clerk, Nathaniel Halderman for Treasurer, and Elijah Funk for Surveyor. Dr. DeWolf's name appears this week as candidate for School Commissioner.

BEAR IT IN MIND.—For our own safety, we are obliged to establish it as a rule, that any of the candidates, who want election tickets printed, must come and pay us in advance. We cannot afford to print tickets for every one who happens to come and order them, and then when the election is over, get nothing for our pains. It has almost invariably been the case that when tickets have been printed, and the bills waited for until after the election, they were never collected, or if they were, it cost almost as much for the collection as the bills were worth. We have bills for printing standing out now that we never expect to collect, although the names on those tickets are perfectly responsible. They appear to have an idea that the "dear people," who are to elect them, ought to pay the expenses of the election also. It never wins. So come gentlemen; "pony over." You that are to be defeated, will feel a great deal richer before the election, than after. We don't. We want some of the "rhino," so that we can see what it looks like. We are getting tired of carrying nails, &c., in our pockets, rattling them in immitation of the regular "chink," in order to "keep up appearances," and make people believe that we are able to "pay our way."

We have laid down our rule, and if any of the candidates are disappointed in receiving their tickets they will know the reason. In short, gentlemen, we want you to be elected, if possible, but we want "dimes" a great deal worse.

STILL THEY COME.—The awarding committee on cattle, at our Fair, gave Mr. T. Aldrich the second premium for the best half Durham calf five months old, instead of seven calf one year old, as they had written in their report. He was also awarded a premium for another calf, which was not put down in the report at all. Also, J. A. McHendy, was awarded the first premium, for the best Durham bull calf, which was not put down in the report. A. H. Healey informs us that he received the first premium for the best Draft Horses instead of E. O. Eymer.—He says his horses received the blue ribbon, and wore it home. That also, was not put down in the report. We copied the reports just as they were written. The committee awarded to Saml. Reed the 2d premium on Saddle Horse, instead of O. Geets who had the third premium as mentioned in the report.

SAD ACCIDENT.—We are sorry to learn that a young man, by name, Chauncey Tabor, came to a very sudden death at Savanna last Saturday. He was at work in Irvine's saw mill, at the time. His coat became fastened in a wheel which was going at the rate of about five hundred revolutions a minute, and he was suddenly taken up, and carried around in a terrible manner. He died instantly, all of his limbs having been broken and his body terribly bruised. His parents live at Savanna. We sympathize with them in their great affliction.

NO SALE.—A Public Sale of the effects of Daniel Arnold, dec'd., was published last week. The Administrator, Jacob Arnold, wishes us to state that on account of the present "hard times," he has concluded to postpone it until some future period.

Nelson & Rohn have another notice in this week. See new advertisements.

Great Crash!

CRISIS "ARRIV!"

EVERYTHING SUSPENDING

EXCEPT

BAIRD'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

Which is continuing its operations under

RENEWED ADVANTAGES,

Wm. P. Baird wishes to inform the citizens of Carroll County, that he has just received

FROM THE EAST,

A SUPERIOR STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Which he will sell

CHEAP FOR CASH!

In the way of DRY GOODS, Staple and Fancy Articles, he has a splendid lot of the following articles:—

STAPLE GOODS!

Prints—Bleached and Brown, Sheetings, " " Woolen and Cotton Flannels Tickings, Drillings, Denims, Checks, Cottenades, Satinetts, Cords, Cloths, Plain and Fancy Cashmeres.

FANCY ARTICLES!

Embroideries, Collars, Ribbons, Ladies and Misses Bonnets, Millinery Goods, Furs, Ladies Silks, Do Cloth Mantillas, Do Silk Mantillas, Ladies and Gents Shawls, Hosiery and Gloves Ladies' and Misses' Polkas, Hoods, Comforts, Shirts and Undershirts, Gents' Fine Shirts, Hickory Shirts,

HATS AND CAPS,

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Coats, Over Coats, Vests, Pants, and a very large assortment of

—BOOTS AND SHOES,—

The subscriber has been East, and selected the goods himself, ...

CALL AND SEE HIM

Mt. Carroll, October 16, 1857.

The Crisis Ended!

SELLING OFF AT COST!!

The subscribers are bound to make Times Easy by Selling out their entire stock of Goods for Cash.

THEY ARE GOING AT, OR BELOW COST, nearly every article, such as

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods; GROCERIES; HARDWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, QUEENSWARE; CLOTHING, &C., &C.

Among which may be found:

HEAVY DRY GOODS,

GOODS FOR THE LADIES;

TRUSTEE'S SALE.—Whereas, David Armstrong and Mary Jane Armstrong, did, by their deed, dated January 5th, A.D. 1857, convey to the undersigned, the following described property, situate in the county of Carroll and State of Illinois, to wit: The undivided one-half of lots No. Five, Eight, Nine and Ten, in Block No. Seven (7) in the town of Savanna...

BURNHAM'S COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE,

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

Established June, 1856; Incorporated Feb '57.

Designed for Practical Instruction in Book Keeping, Business Penmanship, Commercial Calculations and Higher Mathematics.

DIRECTORS.

T. D. ROBERTSON, Esq., Rev. W. STEWART, Hon. ANSON S. MILLER, WM. HULIN, Esq., Hon. WAIT TALCOTT, L. W. BURNHAM.

MODE OF INSTRUCTION.

TERMS.

NEW YORK STORE

SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.

WHAT CONCERNS THE CITIZENS of Carroll County the most at the present time, after the trouble about Rail Roads, Banks breaking, and the low PRICES OF PRODUCE, is where they can get

GOODS CHEAP ENOUGH

AT THE NEW YORK STORE.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.

IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING FOR MEN & BOYS

HATS & CAPS, GROCERIES

IRON AND STEEL,

WINDOW GLASS,

PLOWS

ORR, TOMLINSON & CO

THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY GOLDEN PRIZE.

Terms of Subscription Two Dollars Per Year.

TO CLUBS.

READ—READ—READ—READ

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS!

Oh, my goodness! What an Excitement there is AT THE ST. LOUIS STORE, Over the arrival of those New Goods.

"Vell vot of it?"

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, CLOTHING, QUEENSWARE, &C., &C.

VEILS.

Ready Made Clothing.

HATS AND CAPS!

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR!

CORDUROYS &c.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY! *A large and general assortment.*

GROCERIES! *A Fresh Stock of All Kinds.*

BOOTS AND SHOES! *A large assortment of every kind for Men, Women and Children.*

N. PUTERBAUGH.

ROTHSCHILD & Co's COLUMN.

Now is the Time TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

FALL GOODS,

NOW READY AT THE NEW YORK STORE!!

The Largest, and most Varied Stock of Goods ever, before, brought to Mt. Carroll!

COME, SEE AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS!

UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES!

H. ROTHSCHILD & CO.

SAXONY PLAIDS!

SHAWLS!

SPECIAL ATTENTION

White Goods, Embroideries, Fancy Goods.

5000 Yds. latest style rich and beautiful CARPETING,

Druggets, Rugs, Bindings, Worsted and Woolen yarns, Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods.

BEAUFORT TIES, FANCY SCARFS, rich and elegant, CRAVATS, Improved NECK TIES, SUSPENDERS, Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Under Shirts and Drawers, Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs, SHIRTS—Plain and Fancy, Bosoms, COLLARS, Fancy and Plain Casimeres, Broad Cloth, Fancy and Plain Silk Velvet, Vestings—really beautiful—Boots and Shoes in abundance, Ladies' and Misses' SHOES, Slippers, Gaiters, all sorts and sizes, Hoop Skirts, " " Skeleton, Rattan, Whalebone, Brass Hoops, Spiral Hoops,

H. ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Mt. Carroll, September 4, 1857.

ROBE BRILLIANTE!!—A beautiful article, just the thing for the season, at the New York Store.

LEVANTINE!!—A new and beautiful article of Fall Importation,—for Ladies Dresses—the first ever brought to this market,—at the New York Store.

BROCHA SHAWLS—perfect beauties—at the New York store.

"HOOP" DE-DU DLE-DU!—Call and see them, in great variety, at the New York Store.

DRESS AND OTHER TRIMMINGS!! In great profusion at ROTHSCHILD & Co's

PIANO COVERS!—A fresh invoice of ... ROTHSCHILD & Co's

TABLE OIL CLOTHS!!—A large assortment of ROTHSCHILD & Co's

STOVER & EMMERT'S REAL ESTATE COLUMN.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.—

FARM FOR SALE!—

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!—

FARMS AND LOTS!—

FOR SALE! A fine Corner...

HOTEL FOR SALE!—

ONE OF THE BEST SMALL FARMS...

371 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE!

ANOTHER GOOD FARM FOR SALE!

HOUSE AND LOT, In West Carroll...

REAL ESTATE PURCHASERS LOOK HERE!—

FOR SALE!

LOTS FOR SALE!—

160 ACRES CHOICE LAND FOR SALE!

Bryant & Stratton's Mercantile College

LOCATED

Chicago, Illinois, 49 Clark Street; Cleveland, O., cor. Superior and...; Buffalo, N. Y., corner Main and...; Albany, N. Y., 448 and 44...

PATRONAGE.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. B. Ogden, Esq., Geo. W. Gage, Esq., John H. Kinzie, Esq., Hon. Mark Skinner, Hon. N. B. Judd, Geo. W. Dole, Esq., Hon J. H. Matteson, N. H. Wells, Esq.

FACULTY.

ONE DOLLAR

A. H. LICHTY'S COLUMN.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

CAMPBELL & STOUFFER,

Have just received the largest assortment of Stoves ever brought to this city, comprising New and beautiful styles of Cook, Parlor, Room and Office Stoves, suited to please [illegible]

Assortment of Hardware,

CUTLERY, TEA AND TABLE SPOONS, [illegible] CHAINS, [illegible] elsewhere. Also, [illegible] lbs. per hour [illegible] Ware, made of the best [illegible] Repairing done neatly and [illegible] for Cash.

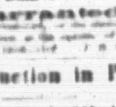
CAMPBELL & STOUFFER.

CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE.—[illegible]

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATION [illegible]

MT. CARROLL FOUNDRY.

JUST RECEIVED AT JNO. B. CHRISTIAN'S, Direct from the City of New York, MUSICAL BOXES, WATCHES, CLOCKS!



-Warranted-

Great Reduction in Prices!

TERMS CASH!

CABINET WARE.

Marine and Fire Insurance CO. CHARTERED 1841

HOTEL FOR RENT.

Now is Your Time! GREAT BARGAINS

PLASTERING HAIR FOR SALE.

DIXON'S CELEBRATED STOVE

Bell's Commercial College.

BELL & SLOAN, Proprietors.

Bell's Commercial College, corner of State and Randolph streets, entrance No. [illegible] State Street. Instituted September 1855, Incorporated by the Legislature of Illinois, February, 1857.

FACULTY.

[illegible]

RAILROADING.

A Systematic Method of Practical Railroad Book-Keeping, with the most approved auxiliary books, in the various departments. [illegible]

BANKING AND EXCHANGE.

[illegible]

STEAMBOATING.

An improved method of becoming very popular in lake and river navigation, exhibiting the results of each trip, with freight and passage and Cash Books, General Ledger, Crow's Ledger &c., managed scientifically according to the system of Double Entry.

MANUFACTURING.

[illegible]

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION.

[illegible]

TERMS.

For a full course of Instruction, with the privilege of completing the course at any time at the option of the student, and of reviewing the same through life free of additional charge, thus affording a life Scholarship [illegible] Tuition fees payable invariably in advance.

DO YOU WANT TO HAVE A SURE PREVENTIVE AGAINST COUNTERFEITING BANK NOTES? [illegible] John S. Dye is the author. [illegible]

GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE PRESENT CENTURY For Detecting Counterfeit Bank Notes. [illegible]

JOHN S. DYE, Broker, Publisher and Proprietor, 70 Wall Street, New York.

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE MILLION.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

KEEP COOL! Don't Burst your Boiler!

Attention, the Whole!

TO THE RIGHT WHEEL!

MARCH!

Directly to B. P. MILLER'S DRUG STORE! where nice things are kept for Holiday Presents, [illegible]

Circulating Library

READING! READING!!

THOSE who wants to read Books without buying them [illegible] B. P. MILLER.

WE WILL FROM THIS DAY Sell for Cash at cost, the following Goods [illegible] A. BEELER & CO.

PAY UP.—THOSE PERSONS WHOSE [illegible] A. BEELER & CO. Mt. Carroll, Feb. 12, 1857.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—[illegible] ORR, TOMLINSON, & CO.

IRON AND STEEL.—We have on hand a large lot of Iron and Steel, for sale low, for cash. ORR, TOMLINSON, & CO.

CHAPMAN & IRVINE HAVE JUST received, from St. Louis, a large lot of Groceries [illegible]

CHAPMAN & IRVINE WILL PAY 20 CENTS, in Groceries, for Butter.

150 SACKS G. A. SALT JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by CHAPMAN & IRVINE.

KANSAS! KANSAS!!—Great excitement at NELSON & BOHN'S Store. [illegible]

DRESS GOODS.—In this department we can exhibit something to suit the taste of most any one, Toulard Silks, Tarletans, Silk Tissue, Cashmeres, Morenos, Alpacas, De Lanes, De Bages, Coburgs, Poplins, and stuff goods in general. Also the best selected variety of Prints, Ginghams, etc., ever offered to the public.

SHAWLS.—A quantity of Bay State, all sizes for Ladies and Misses.

CLOTHS, CASSEMEERS, &c.—Our stock of Cloth and Cassemeers are good, we can show Cloths of almost every discription, consisting of black, blue, brown, invisible green, and other colors; Vestings, etc.; Satinetts and all kinds of goods for men and boys' wear.

CLOTHING.—We have a fine lot of Winter Clothing, Coats, Pants, Vests, etc., for men and boys, and at prices to suit the most fastidious.

SUNDRIES.—The best assortment of Flanels, all colors. Ladies' sack Flanels, Linseys, Embroiderings, Laces, Jaconetts, Book Muslins, Cambrics, Edgings, Insertings, Chimesetts, Lace Caps, Worked Collars, etc., Woollen Yarns assorted colors, Wool Hose, Mittens and Gloves, Children's Sacks, Comforts, Furs, etc., etc.

RIBBONS.—A splendid assortment of Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, Bonnet Silks, latest style Winter Bonnets.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—Consisting of Sheeting of all widths, Shirting do., black and brown, Hickory Stripe, Tickings, Denny's Checks, etc.

BOOKS.—Standard School Books.

QUEENSWARE.—A full stock of Queensware at reduced prices.

HARDWARE of every kind for building purposes, Carpenters' Tools, useful articles for kitchen; Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Hoes, Trace, Log, Halter and Dog Chains, Nails, etc., etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Our stock of Boots and Shoes is full and good, such as Men's and Boys', Youths and Infants Boots and Shoes, Women's Misses' & Children's Shoes of every description; Men's Women's and Misses' Gum Over Shoes. We feel as if we were able to suit any one who wants something for the understanding.

HATS AND CAPS.—A very large assortment of Hats of various colors, shape and size for men and boys, Men's Silk Plush Caps of the best material and latest style. Boys' Silk and Cotton Plush, Infants Fancy Caps, etc.

GROCERIES of every description, and of qualities, that will successfully challenge the exhibition of a better lot in the county.

We might enumerate many other articles equally as necessary to a thriving country, but we deem it unnecessary—it is sufficient for our friends that we have almost everything that is wanted, and it is sufficient for us to say that if we can get the cash, or its equivalent in exchange for goods, that we intend to sell at very low prices. Call and try us. NELSON & BOHN.

ALL RIGHT On the Goose Question!

EXCITING TIMES!! ABOUT THE ELECTION!! But more caused by the rush of people to CHAPMAN & IRVINE'S, who have just received their large and fine STOCK OF FALL GOODS!! We purchase our Goods from head quarters in Boston and New York, and feel satisfied that we can offer as great if not better bargains than others. Our stock consists in part as follows:

DRY GOODS,

Ladies' Dress Goods, Black and Fancy Dress Silks, All Wool De Lanes, Plain do, Black and Fancy Alpaccas, Cashmeres, Ginghams, Fancy Velvets, Poplins, De Baise, Addelaide, Wool Plaids, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

OUR STOCK OF GENTS WEAR, the best ever offered by us, having "ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE" needed by them.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS, a large and fine assortment.

Hats and Caps of all sorts, both low and high in style and "price."

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES. We bought from the Manufacturer and will warrant them to be good.

LADIES' AND GENTS' SHAWLS, Bay State and other brands.

LADIES' WINTER BONNETS. Cloaks and Basques, something entirely new and the finest ever brought to this place.

Wool Hoods and Comforters, " Sleeves and Armlets, " Basques and Coat, and lots of fancy articles.

LADIES' SILK AND MORINO VESTS. [illegible]

OUR GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, &C., &C. will be found in their place. Call and examine. November 6, 1856. CHAPMAN & IRVINE.

CHAPMAN & IRVINE Have a Large lot of rubber coats, pants, leggins, caps, hats, boots and shoes which were bought in Boston of the Rubber Company, and of course, can sell them very low.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF HATS AND CAPS from [illegible] upwards can be found at CHAPMAN & IRVINE.

A LARGE STOCK OF CLOTHING, offered at very low prices. Call at CHAPMAN & IRVINE.

TAYLOR & WISE, Freeport Agricultural Warehouse.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg leave to inform the Farmers of Carroll and adjoining counties that they keep constantly on hand and for sale on the most reasonable terms, all kinds of labor-saving

Farming Implements, Among which may be found MANNY'S REAPERS & MOWERS, H. A. PITT'S Threshing Machines, [illegible] Little Giant Corn and Cob Mills, Revolving Horse Rakes! [illegible] WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN PLANTER! [illegible] At the Freeport Agricultural Warehouse. Freeport, June 12, 1856. TAYLOR & WISE.

SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.—[illegible] N. PUTERBAUGH. Mt. Carroll, July 9th, 1857.

RAILROADS, &C.

RACINE & MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. [illegible] Racine, Wisconsin, May 8, 1857. ROBERT HARRIS, Supt.

GREAT WESTERN MAIL ROUTE. On and after Monday, May 25th, 1857, Passenger Trains will leave Wells Street Depot, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GALENA AND CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD, MAIN LINE.

For Freeport, Galena and Dunleith. Passenger and Mail 10:15 A. M.; Passenger 10:00 P. M.; Passenger Emigrant and 2d Class 12:45 P. M.

Chicago, Fulton and Iowa Line. FOR DIXON, FULTON AND CENTRAL IOWA. Through Passenger 9:00 A. M.; DeKalb Passenger 4:30 P. M.

Beloit and Madison Branch. FOR BELOIT, JANESVILLE AND MADISON. Passenger 10:15 A. M.; Passenger 10:00 P. M.

FOX RIVER VALLEY RAIL ROAD. For Crystal Lake, McHenry and Richmond. Passenger 10:15 A. M. Two Through Trains will leave Union Depot, foot of Lake street as follows: For Galena, Dunleith and St. Paul. 9:45 P. M. Daily (Sundays excepted). Enabling Passengers to make a close connection with the Michigan Central Trains.

TRAINS EASTWARD. Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. Leave Freeport 10:30 A. M.—arrive in Chicago 5:00 P. M.; do 9:35 A. M. do 3:35 A. M.

CHICAGO, FULTON AND IOWA LINE. For Dixon, Fulton and Central Iowa Line. Leave Fulton 8:15 A. M.—arrive in Chicago 3:30 A. M.; DeKalb 5:45 P. M. do 9:00 A. M.

BELOIT AND MADISON BRANCH. For Beloit, Janesville and Madison. Leave Footeville 10:40 A. M.—arrive in Chicago 5:00 P. M.; do 9:00 P. M. do 3:35 A. M.

Fox River Valley Railroad. Leave Elgin at 6:15 A. M.—arrive in Chicago 9:00 A. M.; do 2:25 P. M. do 5:00 P. M.

Passengers for all points on the G. & C. U. R. R., including Fulton, and Beloit and Madison Lines, should take the trains from Wells street Depot. All the above trains connect with the Great Eastern Lines diverging from Chicago to all points East. JOHN B. TURNER, President. P. A. HALL, Superintendent. june5,'57.

New Railroad Route Opened.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. TWO DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS From Chicago to Cairo direct, via the Chicago Branch, carrying the great Southern Mail and American Express. [illegible] Important Local Connections. At Mattoon, With Trains of the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad, going east to Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville, &c. At Decatur, With trains of the Great Western Railroad, for Springfield, Jacksonville, Naples and Illinois river towns. At Sandoval, With trains for Vincennes and towns upon the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. THROUGH TICKETS [illegible] JOHN H. DONE, General Superintendent, Chicago. W. P. JOHNSON, General Ticket Agent.

Look out for the Cars! WHEN THE BELL RINGS! CLEAR THE TRACK!!! Excitement Extraordinary! AT THE NEW DRUG & BOOK STORE OF DR. B. P. MILLER, In Mt. Carroll,—Opposite the Court House. Inasmuch as the Doctor is bound not to be outdone in his line of business, in point of quality and price, he invites the attention of farmers, mechanics, ladies and gentlemen, all whom are respectfully requested to call before purchasing elsewhere and examine his stock of Goods which consists in part as follows: [illegible]

PATENT MEDICINES. [illegible]

WINDOW GLASS, various sizes by the box; Putty & White PAPER. BOOKS. [illegible] BIBLES AND HYMN BOOKS, Standard School Series, Blank Books of every variety. The Lovers of Literature are invited to call and examine the Doctor's Circulating Library. August 22, 1856.

The Carroll County Republican.

VOLUME 6. | MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1857. | NUMBER 30.

THE REPUBLICAN, Published Weekly, in Miller's Block, Block, opposite the Court House, by J. & D. B. EMMERT.

TERMS.—[illegible]

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—[illegible]

JOB PRINTING.—Of all kinds, such as Pamphlets, Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, etc., executed in the [illegible] at reasonable rates.

Business Directory.

BANKING HOUSES.

EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE, MILES & HOOKER, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.—Buy and sell sight drafts on New York and Chicago. Collections made on all accessible points at current rates of Exchange. Money received on deposits, and interest allowed on special deposits. (feb 25,'57—49) H. A. MILES. | M. L. HOOKER.

HOSTETTER, REIST & CO., EXCHANGE BANK & COLLECTION OFFICE. [illegible]

BANK OF DEPOSITE.—MONEY received on deposite, 6 per cent interest allowed [illegible] N. HALDERMAN, Treasurer. Mt. Carroll Ill.

ATTORNEYS.

B. L. PATCH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in the Court House, Mt. Carroll, Ill. v6n12.

VARNEY ARMOUR, CLERK OF THE Circuit Court, General Land and Collecting Agent, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. [illegible]

JOHN WILSON, ATTORNEY AND Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, and Exchange Broker, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

GEO. W. HARRIS, JUSTICE OF THE Peace and Notary Public will attend to collections, conveyances, &c. Office in the Post Office, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS.

E. M. McAFFEE, M. D., HOMŒPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Beck Building [illegible]

DR. B. P. MILLER HAVING PERMANENTLY located himself in the village of Mt. Carroll, [illegible] of public patronage.

A. H. LEITHY, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDicines, [illegible] Glass Ware, [illegible] on Market street [illegible]

ARTISTS.

SKYLIGHT AMBROTYPE AND DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY, Third story Miller's Block, Mt. Carroll, [illegible]

PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES! [illegible] Freeport [illegible]

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

J. M. [illegible] MILLEDGEVILLE, Ill., [illegible]

CHAPMAN & IRVINE, CORNER OF MAIN [illegible] Mt. Carroll, Illinois. Dealers in [illegible]

W. S. PEASE REMAINS AT THE OLD [illegible] W. S. PEASE.

LOUISE BURRELL, FREEPORT, Ill. [illegible]

JOHN K. BREWSTER & CO., Wholesale [illegible] Freeport, Illinois. [illegible]

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Galena st., near [illegible] GEO. LOHR, Proprietor.

JENKS HOUSE, SAVANNA, ILL.—[illegible]

THE EXCHANGE SALOON, corner of Main and Market streets, under Chapman & Irvine's [illegible]

AGENCIES.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURACNE AGENCY [illegible]

H. D. SMITH, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS. [illegible]

W. P. HUNT & CO., FREEPORT, ILL. [illegible]

DANIEL [illegible], Manufacturer and [illegible]

TAYLOR & BUBEL, [illegible]

Poetry.

MOTHER FAIRIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Good old mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?
I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled brownies,
With grisly beards and thin.
But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts—
Say, have you such to spare?
I know a poor, pale body,
Who cannot sleep at night,
And I want the little people
To keep her chamber bright;
To chase away the shadows
That make her moan and weep,
To sing her loving lullabies
And kiss her eyes asleep.
And when in dreams she reaches
For pleasures dead and gone,
To hold her wasted fingers,
And make the rings stay on;
They must be very cunning
To make the future shine,
Like leave, and flowers, and strawberries
A growing on one vine.
Good old mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?"

This reply to "Alice" is no less dainty than her own musical lines:

"O, Alice, Alice Cary!
You truly meant to take,
Asking old mother Fairie
To hire her little folk!
My people all are ready
To give their friendly aid,
But mind you, fairy favors
Can never be repaid.
Within my crystal pal[illegible]
Lives many a little fay,
Who, for the love of Alice,
Would labor night and day—
Go, tell that poor pale body
Who cannot sleep of nights,
My meek eyed daughter Patience,
Will set her room to rights;
That Faith and Hope (twin sisters)
Will by her pillow stand,
And sing her loving sonnets
About the better land.
She'll listen to their numbers,
Forgetful of her cares,
Till soft and quiet slumbers
Steal o'er her unawares.
In dreams, no longer reaching
To pleasures dead and gone,
Her fingers, pointing upward,
Will let the rings stay on.
Go, tell that poor pale body
To take the wand of prayer,
And when the weary [illegible] her faith
To wave it in the air;
And though he cannot see them,
[illegible]
They'll [illegible]
And make her [illegible]"

Miscellaneous.

Only A Country Girl.

'You are mistaken; I would sooner die than marry a mere country beauty.'

'But Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple loving creature.'

'Ah,' said Fred, laughing, 'a choice cluster of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet and simple and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above charms and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in the corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young men came in sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible trepidation:

'Do you think she heard me?'

'No,' rejoined the other, half audibly—'she shows no resentment; she has not even looked up from her book, you are safe; she could not have heard you, but what an angel she is!'

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium—She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside and began to twine a finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the [illegible] white oak tree a back-ground, flowers strewed around her, peeping from her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unconscious that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

[illegible] with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up.

'Mr. Irving? the only one in the village is my father,' said she, rising in a charming and graceful manner. 'The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe it was once an academy, that's a sort of select school, isn't it?' with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow.

'Tell your father,' said he, 'that I shall do myself the honor to call upon him to-morrow. He will remember me—Frederick Lane at your service.'

'Yes, sir, I will tell him for you,' replied Helen, tucking her sleeves around her pretty arm, and making rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried home.

'Now father, mother, aunt and sis,' exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, 'so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you talk so much about is in the village. He will call here to-morrow, the first specimen of a city beau, (as of course he will:) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dickey, important and self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be—Promise me all of you that'll not lisp one word about music, reading and writing in my presence because I have a plan. Father will not, I know; but if you sis, will keep quiet, and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long!'

'Helen, you are not quite respectful,' said her father gravely.

'Forgive me, dear father,' and her arms were around his neck. 'I always mean well, but I am thoughtless. There, all is right now' she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

'Come sis, what say you?'

'Why on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?'

'Ah! that's my own,' said Helen dancing out of the room.

* * * * * * * *

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The country overhead burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

'You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?'

'Yes, quite, I like it better than, than anything else,—that is I mean, I mean I can churn well.'

'And do you read much?' Fred's glances had traveled from the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or paper. But not a page, nor a leaf, yellow or rare repaid his search.

'O! yes,' said Helen, with a self-satisfied glance.

'What books, permit me to ask?'

'I read the Bible a good deal,' she said gravely.

'Is that all?'

'All? of course not, and yet what do we not find in the Holy Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos'—blushing and recollecting herself she added, with a manner as childish as it had before been dignified, 'as for the other books, let me see, I've got in my library—there's the primer (counting on her fingers) second class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery tales, Fairy stories, two or three Elements of something, Biography of some persons or other, Mothers Magazine and King William I I I. There, isn't that a good assortment?'

Fred smiled.

'Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have went to school more,' she added, as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, 'but in making bread and churning butter, and keeping a house, I am not to be out done.'

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, which he mainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manner and disposition, quite won on the city-bred aristocrat Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

'If I should fall into the snare,' thought he, '[illegible]ng.'

It was useful to [illegible] his passions; at last he fell at Helen's feet, (figuratively speaking) and confessed his love for her.

'I care not Helen; only be mine,' was his invariable answer to her exclamation of unworthiness, how she would appear in society, &c.

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet, at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity; and, indeed, with jewels or laces with that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her.

'Shall I love him as dearly,' she asked herself, 'if I find he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband to be honored, and then shall he be proud of his wife.'

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

'Simple,' whispered a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband.—She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred and wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he! oh joy! he seemed only to love her the more, as she clung to his arm so timidly; his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorns with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in strict conformity of etiquette; and Helen's heart beat high, and tears came to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features. Ill-concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced toward Helen. Once she held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her hour had come.

'Do you suppose she knows anything?' whispered a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled, her fair brow flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone, speaking at a little distance with a friend.

'Do you play Mrs Lane?' she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

'A little,' answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

'And sing?'

'A little,' was the half reply.

'Then do us a favor,' exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions. 'Come, I myself will lead you to the instrument.'

'Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken word arrested, the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody!—Such correct intonations! Such breadth, depth and vigorous touch! Who is she? She plays like an angel!'

And again hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful, and passing sweet; astonishment paints many a fair cheek a deep scarlet. There is a silence unbroken, and the silver strains float up.

"A yet care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start,
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true,
If one be true,
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep this love
And tell my grief to thee."

'Glorious voice!' said Fred to his friend, who, with the rest, had paused to listen. "Who can she——?"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife!

'I congratulate you, Fred,' said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek, he walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement so was not she. A rich bloom mantels her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before; they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful acknowledgement she blended wit and humor.

'How well she talks, who would have thought it! He has found a treasure,' were whispered all around the room.

Meanwhile, Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admired this one condemned that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smilingly finished it, and she received a look eloquent with thanks. Bon-mots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as they had just received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hands over his bewildered eyes to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness over the harp, her full arm leaning on his golden strings, heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

'Tell me,' said he, 'when alone, what does this mean! I feel like one awakening from a dream.'

'Only a country girl,' said Helen, gravely, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed: 'Forgive me. I am that little rustic that you would rather die than wed. Are you sorry that you married me?'

'Sorry, my glorious wife. But Helen you could not deceive me! Did I not understand you had never ——'

'Been at an academy,' she broke in; 'never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true; and yet I am all you see here to-night, myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I hope I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be.

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story; the laughing between smiles, her pretty face and dimples, as she tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to the seclusion and dust, while the young country girl without any deeplaid scheme succeeding in convincing the well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles, than the piano and harp.

Trick of A Lover.

One fine winter evening early in the present century, Colonel ——, and his maiden sister, Patty were sitting on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying 'otium cum dignitate,' without any interruption for at least an hour; and that, consulting the sex of Miss Patty, was very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross legged in a great arm-chair, and his spectacles on, his pipe in one hand, and a newspaper in the other, fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself backward and forward in a low rocking-chair. Close by her feet was the cat; while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master, fast asleep. At length the Colonel aroused from his nap took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes.—Then glancing at a very large pile of papers that lay on the table near, said—

'I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents.'

'Well, I really wish he was,' answered his sister.

'I do not expect him for a month yet,' yawned the Colonel.

'Hadn't you better send for him,' said the sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked toward the door.

'Where are you going Carlo?' said the old gentleman.

The dog looked into his master's face, wagged his tail but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door, as he could not open it himself, Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

'Why, William Henry, is that you?' said Patty.

'Henry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you,' said the Colonel getting entirely out of his chair, giving him a hearty shake of the hand. 'Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly?'

'Oh, I do not know,' said Henry. 'It is rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step in and see how you all come on.'

'Well, I am glad to see you. Sit down,' said the Colonel.

'So do,' said his sister.

'There aunt is a bottle of first rate snuff for you; and here uncle is one of capital Maraschino.'

'Thank you, my boy,' said the Colonel. 'Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits.'

'And mine too,' said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial and drew the cork while aunt Patty got some glasses.

'Well, my boy,' said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, 'what is the news in B——? Anything happened?'

'No—yes,' said Henry. 'I've got one of the best stories to tell you that you have ever heard in your life.'

'Come, let's have it,' said he, filling his glass.

'Well, you must know,' said Henry, 'that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman as rich as Crœsus—do take a little more cordial.'

'Why don't his uncle wish him to marry?' inquired the Colonel.

'Oh, yes,' resumed Henry, 'there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid he'd be taken in, for it is generally understood that he's to be the old gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though very liberal in everything else, he suspects everybody who pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune-hunter.'

'The old scamp,' said the Colonel.—'Why can't he let the boy have his own way?'

'I should think as much,' said aunt Patty.

'Well, how did he manage it?' said the Colonel.

'Why,' said Henry, 'he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's name right out; he could not manage to let him see the the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So what does he do but get her minature taken—for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished.'

'Beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished!' exclaimed the Colonel; 'pray what objection could the fool have to her?'

'Why, she's not worth a cent,' said Henry.

'Fudge!' said the Colonel; 'I wish I had been in the old chap's place—how did he get along?'

'Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought he would make the old man good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular young friend lent it to him.—The old man was in an ecstacy of delight, and he declared that he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her.'

'Ha!' shouted the Colonel, 'the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I have ever heard; but was she really beautiful?'

'The most angelic creature I ever saw,' said Henry, 'but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at.' Here Henry took it to his uncle, at the same time filling his glass.

Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

'Well, now,' said she, 'that is a beauty.'

'You may well say that, sister,' said the Colonel; 'shoot me if I do not wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Henry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on! I would give a thousand dollars for such a neice.'

'Would you?' inquired Henry, patting the dog.

'Yes, I would,' replied the Colonel, 'and nine thousand more on the top of it, and that makes ten thousand; shoot me if I wouldn't!'

'Then I'll introduce you to her to-morrow.'

As there was a wedding at the house of the Colonel the ensuing week, and as the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

A Parable.

The untoward circumstances of the poor man's life were very wretched. When he rose early from his bed, it was to spend hours of weary, unelevating, ill-requitted toil. His meals were unsavory, and barely sufficient to support the exertion he was forced to undergo. He returned at night to a bleak, miserable hut, where a scanty fire rather tantalized him with its glimmering than warmed him with its heat. The wind, with cheerless sound shook his broken windows. Yet did the poor man not seek the ale-house parlor, with its crackling hearth and its loose companions, but remained in his dreary home, as though it had been a paradise, and the thought of returning to it cheered him through the hours of labor. What was the charm of this lonely—yes it was lonely—and miserable dwelling?

A friend of the poor man had given a talisman, made by a great magician, and this talisman gives the answer to our question. Truly a wondrous talisman, that could be set in force every evening. By its virtue, the dilapidated room assumed all sorts of beautiful forms. Sometimes would change to a princely hall, and the holes in the walls would enlarge, and arch themselves into Gothic windows, through which the light cast gorgeous colors upon the Mosaic floor. Then this would vanish and the poor man would find himself in a fine country, through which streams flowed sparkling in the sun, while his view was bounded by tall hills, verdant with grass, and distinctly marked with wild flowers; or melting away pale with distance, into the clear blue of the sky. Nor was the virtue of the talisman confined to exhibitions that might be found in actual life. Now the owner of it would seem to sink below the surface of the sea, where sea-nymphs would exhibit their wondrous treasures, now he would penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and perceive the gnomes at their fantastic labors; now the hand of time would for him be turned back; and he would converse with the sages and warriors of antiquity; and a song would swell upon his ears, such as might have been sung in old Hellas. What marvel was it that the poor man loved the dwelling in which such wonder and delight were revealed?

Thinkest thou, reader, that what we have written is a phantasy—a short fairy tale? Not at all: we have been narrating a fact, of frequent occurrence. The talisman was a book—what is commonly called a "book of fiction," nothing more; and the imagination of the poor man, when he read it, was so stimulated, that a number of gorgeous creations concealed the miseries of actual life.

Ye who inveigh against "fiction," think ye that the world is so beautiful to all its inhabitants that the imagination must be chained and tied down, lest it adorn and beautify it more? Think you that the thing ye call "fact," is so holy that it ought to engross all the faculties of man; and that he may not dream of aught beyond? Truly, it is but to a few that the real beauty of the world is revealed; and even they speak of these revelations either in what you call "fiction," or they are philosophers such as you style dreamers.

A large class are those dreamers. To feel that one has a power within that can free itself from the power without—to stretch the pinions of the soul, and to shake off the earthly dust that cleaves to them—to assert one's right to be a denizen of a fair country, that the tyrant cannot encircle with walls, nor the bigot defile with hatred;—that it is to be dreamers.

We may mourn, now and then, that some of us are awake.—*Jerrold's Magazine.*

☞ Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and, in the burden and heat of the day, make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

☞ 'What have you done to further human progress?' said a sententious philosopher to Jenkins. Jenkins' reply was clear and decisive: 'I've produced seven boys and two girls sir.' The philosopher departed, and for the first time in his life, thought.

☞ 'I have gone into the silk business,' said a man to his neighbor. 'So I supposed, as I saw you reeling all day yesterday.'

☞ 'Father, have guns got legs?' 'No.' 'How do they kick then?' 'With their breeches, my son.'

Patrick and the Filly.

It would be hard to match the following for truthfulness to Irish character, and to the unfortunate experience of some who have had Irish help. We are indebted for it to an Eastern correspondent.

Patrick had been recently hired to do chores, but I was not altogether sure of his being able to do all he promised. He boasted so loudly of his universal knowledge of out-door work that I doubted of his knowing much of anything. I said to him one day—

'Patrick, do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?'

Pat stared for a minute or two without replying, and I repeated the question, when he broke silence and said—

'Is it a mash, sir? Shure an' I'd like to be plaz' yer honor any way; that's no lie.'

And he spoke, however, I fancied that I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.

'I beg your pardon, sir, but 'tis bothered intirely I am. Will I give her an Ould Country mash or an Ameriky mash?'

'Look here, Patrick Mulrooney,' said I, impatiently; 'I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of water, and after stirring it well give it to the black filly. Now, do you rightly understand me?'

'Good luck to yer honor,' replied Patrick, looking very much relieved, for he had now got just the information he was fishing for, good luck to yer honor; what would I be good for if I didn't? Shure it's the Ould Country mash after all.'

'I thought as much,' said I, 'so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake.'

'It's not likely I'd do that sir,' said he, looking very confident; 'but about the warm weather, sir?'

'There's plenty to be had in the kitchen.'

'An' will I give her the full of the bucket, sir?'

'It will do her no harm,' I said, and with that Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this, that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid, I laid down the book I had in my hand, and leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking, when she remarked—

'I wish you would go into the kitchen, George. I am afraid there is something wrong about that Irishman of yours and the old cook, Philis. They seemed to be quarreling as I crossed the hall, and I heard him saying something about it being my orders.'

'Oh, it is nothing, my dear,' I replied; 'I understand it all. Pat requires some warm water, which Phillis, I presume, who bears him no good will, has probably refused to give him.'

My wife said nothing more, and I returned to my reading, looking for some passage that I thought would please her, when we were both startled by a crash of crockery, as if the end of the world had come, and then a suppressed shriek, which told us too plainly that something unusual was to pay in the kitchen. I hurried out of the room, and soon heard the voices of the parties to a desperate struggle. First came the squeaking voice of Phillips, as if she could hardly speak for being choked.

'Hab done, I say! I won't hab nuffin to do wid de nasty stuff, no way, so dar!'

'Ye ugly ould contrairy nagur, don't I tell ye 'tis the master's orders,' responded Patrick Mulrooney.

'Taint no such thing. Go way, you white nasty Irisher. Who ebber heerd of a ooman's taken a mash afore!'

The truth flashed upon me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon the scene. Patrick proceeded:

'Arrah, be aisy, can't ye, and take it as ye're told, like a dacent nagur.'

'Go away, I tell you,' screamed Phillis. 'I'll call missus, dat I will.'

'I say it's the masther's orders; he told me to give the bran mash to black Phillis, and ye've got to take it; so be aisy, and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can.'

This was enough. I stepped into the kitchen, seized the fellow as he stood over the frightened cook, and drove him out of doors; but as he went, I heard him muttering that he didn't know what to make of it for the life of him—he was trying to do as he was told.

☞ The Produce Markets are feeling the money pressure, and lower prices for flour, wheat, corn, and cotton satisfy the holders. Our debts have got to be paid off, and in this process prices will have to go still lower, and become settled, and food be so cheap that we can afford to go to work before business will flourish again. As all prices are settling at the same time, the relative values of exchangeable products will not be much altered by this reduction so that farmers will really get as much of exchangeable value for their products as they did under high prices. They may get but one dollar for their wheat, but if that dollar purchases as great a supply of groceries or domestic goods as two dollars did during the expansion, they do not lose by the reduction. When one dollar does the work that two previously effected it is evident that it will not require so much capital to set industry in motion, or give labor an opportunity to help itself by its own physical energies.—*Phila. Ledger.*

☞ Another link of submarine telegraphic communication has just been laid.—France is now united to her colony of Algeria. Hitherto a sea distance of one hundred and forty-six miles between Cagliari, in Sardinia, and the Algerine coast has remained to be completed. Notwithstanding the shortness of the distance, the depth at the Atlantic plateau. The cable, however, was paid out rapidly and without accident and little doubt is entertained of its permanent safety. Newal & Co., of Birkenhead, Liverpool were the manufactures and they had contracted to take all the risk of the operation. The length of line used was one hundred and seventy-two miles, and its cost fifty thousand pound.—Its construction was different in some important respects from that of the Atlantic cable, and Newal & Co. consider that a considerable economy might have been effected in the latter.

☞ 'You are always making a BUTT of me,' said a chap in not the soberest mood. 'You are always making one of yourself,' was the reply.

An exchange says that "change is in itself an evil." Is a little change in one's pocket an evil? Is the occasional change of one's linen an evil? Is change from bad to good an evil.

A Three Minute Horse.

A certain Dr. Blank had a horse so thoroughly used up as to be worthless—the only good points being where hisbon distended the skin. He went into the stable with a lath and gave the animal a regular [illegible] three times a day, until finally, whenever the excited horse heard his step, or saw his face, he would begin to kick and plunge like one possessed. Arrived at this point, the doctor borrowed the decorated blanket of the once well-known nag, called "White Feather," and enveloping the remains of his horse in it, sent him to auction to be sold, with directions to the auctioneer to "let him slide" if he could get a bid of forty dollars. In the mean time the brute was advertised as "a celebrated horse—kind in harness, had made his mile inside of three minutes—was handy at the plough—and sold only because the owner had no further use for him."

On the day of the sale, a crowd gathered, among which was the Doctor, whom the horse had no sooner seen, than he began to manifest signs of uneasiness, which the auctioneer called life and spirit! The first bid was seventy-five dollars, and soon ran up to one hundred—one hundred and twenty-five—one hundred and fifty—at which price the nag was pronounced sold. The buyer (a down easter) paid the money, and harnessed the spirited animal to his wagon, informing the crowd that he was going to Cape Cod, where he himself belonged.

He had not been absent more than an hour when he was seen wending his way back, not having got quite as far as Cape Cod. He told the auctioneer that he had returned to make some inquiries, which perhaps it would have been as well to have made before he bought the horse.

"You say this animal has made his mile under three minutes?"

'Yes.'

'May I be allowed to inquire how long since?'

'Certainly—within three weeks.'

'One question more—where did he do it?'

'On the Rutland Railroad cars—down grade!'

The present owner made up his mind, instanter, that the term "sold" had a double signification.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

Loafers in a Printing Office.—A printing office is like a school; it can have no intelopers, hangers on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of time, which is just as much gold to the printer as though it metallically glistened in his hand. What would be thought of a man who would enter school, and twaddle first with the teacher and then with the scholars—interrupting the studies of one and breaking the discipline of the other? And yet this is the precise effect of the loafer in the printing office. He seriously interferes with the course of business, distracts the fixed attention which is necessary to the good printer. No gentleman will ever enter it and presume to act as a loafer. He will feel above it; for no real man ever sacrifices the interests or interferes with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think (if thought he ever has,) that the last place he should ever insinuate his worthless and unwelcome presence, is in the printing office.

☞ 'Well, Ann, have you consented yet to be the wife of Mr. White?'

'No, Sally, I didn't quite consent.'

'Why not? I think he loves you.'

'Yes, but he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I give my hand to a suitor, I want him to call upon the gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both his, and with a look that would melt an adamantine rock to pity, to beg me to take pity on his sufferings, and then I want him to end by swearing to blow his brains out on the spot, if I do not compassionate his miseries.'

Pepper.—Pepper is a great condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach, red pepper does not, it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulence which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak languid stomachs, it is manifold more healthful to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy, or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the re-action of sleepiness or debility.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

A Contrast.—In 1837, when the business world was convulsed to its centre under the effects of a monetary crisis, this country imported from abroad, during the year over eight million dollars worth of breadstuffs. In 1857, when we are experiencing symptoms of a similar revulsion, we have a surplus of thirty millions value of breadstuffs for export. This difference is decidedly encouraging.

A lady who was much afflicted, and who had been attended by several physicians to no purpose, was persuaded by her friends to call in a learned quack; so he came: "Well doctor what is it?" "Why mem, it is a scrutanutory case." "Scrutanutory case, doctor! pray, what is that?" "It is a dropping of the nerves, mem."—"Dropping of the nerves, doctor! what is that?" "Why, mem, the numaticals drop down into the pizer-iaction, and the head goes tizer-rizer, tizer-rizer."

A sailor dropped out of the riging of a ship of war some fifteen or twenty feet and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, 'where, the devil did you come from?'

"An sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

A gentleman stepped into a store where none but "morning goods" were sold and inquired for slate-colored gloves. The polite clerk informed him that only black goods were sold in that room; for slate-collored gloves he must step into the *mitigated affliction department!*

Pensioners.—The names of fifty thousand and ninety pensioners for revolutionary services have been placed on the rolls since March, 1818, but on the 10th of June last, only three hundred and forty six of this number were reported living.—*Chicago Press.*